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Subject - Marriage For Keeps

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EDITORIAL

 IN THESE DAYS builders prefer to build with concrete and politicians prefer to deal with individuals. This is due to the fact that men without skill and men without virtue prefer to use plastic materials. Plastics conform without resistance. Virtue and skill are required to overcome resistance. To build with wood or stone requires some respect for the medium that only a craftsman can have, but anyone can pour concrete, and it fills any hole into which it might fall. To work with free associations and with families requires a respect for human beings and the moral virtues of leadership. Herds of individuals, on the other hand, conform elastically to the tyrant and the time-clock.

The few lumps left in today's concrete that prevent it from forming into walls of servility are the families that dare to live as families and not as transient individual cohabitants. The presence of any such family is a defiance to the alien atmosphere in which it strives to exist. To state the point more positively and perhaps more optimistically, such a family is not only a defiance or a challenge but a witness. It would be unfair to say that such families are wholly unwelcome. Collectively the reaction may be one of scorn and even hatred, but when individuals separate themselves out from the mass they are just as likely to register envy, admiration and sometimes kindness. This is evidence that there is a latent spirit that might respond if the voice of the family became louder and more insistent. Perhaps there is one more crusade left (Mr. Attwater's article in *Commonweal* to the contrary) and it will be a crusade in which the cry will be that of a baby. Prams will replace tanks and caissons will concede to carriages. Women will stand embattled beside their men, not as GI and WAC but in that more dramatic role of mother and father. Once again, as the Psalmist would have it, children will be arrows in the hands of the mighty. Generation may, for a startling instant and then for a decisive era, gain ascendancy over corruption.

In this issue Editor Willock avails himself of the vehicle at hand to trumpet loudly that "Marriage For Keeps" is not just

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a sigh but a slogan. He goes to great autobiographical lengths to show that one family, like ole Barbara Fritchie, is willing to put up the flag of independence that individuals have hauled down. The general sentiments expressed (he tells us) are those shared by more and more couples every day. He hopes that the article will not be taken as an advertisement for the Willocks but an indorsement of the Holy Spirit Who is not at all hampered by the inadequacy of the material with which He works just so long as it is *fairly willing*.

Mrs. Newland, the mother of five children, sent us the article "Purity and the Young Child" about two months ago. Everyone who has read it feels that it is a valuable contribution to marriage material, and, as far as we know, unique. We think it will be more than academically interesting to those who neither have nor expect to have children, but who realize the need for Christian education in sex.

Incidentally, we should like very much to have your comments on the *length* of the two articles in this issue. A longer article gives the writer a chance to state his case more clearly and comprehensively. We also doubt the principle expressed by editors that few people will read long articles. If articles of this length prove to be desirable we may increase the number of our pages.

THE EDITORS



THINGS HOPED FOR

That conventions of experts

On family life,

Will sometime include

A man and a wife.

Marriage For Keeps

There's a difference between being married and being an expert on marriage. There's a difference between having a group of letters after your name and a group of children at your heels. I'm married, with a group of children. I'm not an expert with a Ph.D. Consequently, in writing about marriage I'll not approach as a subject but as an experience.

Along with that explanation of the perspective I intend to take, I should add that I am no past-master. My children are not grown up, they are babies and the oldest is eight. We don't know what it would be like to be without an infant in the house. My writing room is not an ivory tower but a kitchen table.

So, there you are. When I speak about children, I'm talking about Mike, Paul, Elizabeth, Ann, Marie, Peter and Clare. Mike cracks windows and says prayers very well. Paul is always smiling, even while he's letting the air out of our neighbor's tires. Ann has the most beautiful eyes for an eight-year-old I have ever seen, but the school examiner tells us she needs glasses. Marie is as shy and as curious as a kitten. She has cheeks like an apple and an appetite like a truck driver. Peter's just beginning to walk and he looks like Dopey the Dwarf. Clare is the center of attention in her basinet. Tack their pictures on a wall, against a background of diapers, milk bills, broken toys, worn-out shoes, outgrown overalls, jam-stained doorknobs, broken glass and complaints from the neighbors, and you begin to see marriage as I see it.

But that's only part of the picture. To see the rest, you must see Elizabeth preparing for her bath in the evening: two feet tall and as formidable as Gibraltar. Just to look at her cherubic countenance after we have flushed off a few inches of topsoil abstracted from the back yard, gives a father a feeling of security. Her smile removes any doubt you might have about the bountiful providence of God. And the evening prayers (in spite of the fact that Ann shows off her facility with words and Elizabeth falls asleep) binds every thread of the day together into a pattern of marriage that is convincing. It's here to stay and it's for keeps. It's a way to spend a life. It's a way to God that's Heaven all along the route.

That will give you an idea of the way I tackle marriage, but I'm not speaking only for myself. I didn't invent marriage. It has been with us a long time. I see my family as one unit among millions of families. I see it as a long chain of wedding rings extending back through generations, and this tradition goes back

to a table at which Christ sat. There was a wedding banquet and the wine ran out. He changed the water into wine. By His presence there, His act of divine generosity, and His sanctification of marriage, He has made the water of marriage into sacramental wine.

Adventure with Christ

Christian marriage is like nothing else, least of all like that caricature of marriage—the typical modern thing (which is a kind of legal cohabitation). It isn't a love song sung with "a girl for you, a boy for me but Heaven help us from having three." It isn't two people making the best of an uncomfortable situation. It is an adventure with Christ.

The Pre-Marital Jitters

Along about the last month before the knot is tied, the average fellow begins to bite his finger nails. The girl has taken over and she's in a sweet swoon about the details. The fellow finds himself in a rapidly moving caravan, dashing by jewelry counters, clothes dummies, flats-to-rent ads, consultation of the bank book, furniture stores, draperies, best man, bridesmaid, and all the little details that the girl sees with uncanny intuition. Looming before him is *one* thing, MARRIED LIFE. It's a big thing! What will it be like? Never mind about details, look at this big, strange unknown!

Most fellows go through that and so did I. With some very tidy arithmetic I had concluded that two could live as cheaply as one and a half. I had a steady job, as jobs go. We could afford my staying away from work a week, have an inexpensive honeymoon, and then get by on bread and water until the first pay day. Of course, we could have grown old apart, instead of together, as so many couples do, waiting until we could *afford* it. "Not for us" said we, and it was clinched!

Marriage was a few weeks away. We hadn't found a place to live. Dorothy lived in one town and I in another. We had decided to set up house in my town. But, as I say, flats (at the rent we could pay) were scarce.

The day I'm describing had been pretty rough. I operated a machine in a small plant. That day, the machine was balky and the stock was bad. I fretted and fumed, my feet itching to be pounding around town, looking for a flat. This one, gnawing desire being frustrated, discolored my entire picture of the future. I went home on the subway in a blue funk. My mother detected the mood as I played golf with my peas at the supper table. So I put it up to her. "Listen, Mom, we've got plenty of room here

Why can't Dot and I move in here after we're married, and then we can take our time looking for a flat."

I should have known better! My mother was always a lady or calling a spade a spade (and still is, for that matter). I wouldn't have missed it for the world! Her exact words I don't remember, but they went something like this:

Tom's Sermon

"Listen here, Sonny. I prepared you for Baptism about twenty-three years ago. I nursed you, bundled you up and put your booties on. After that, when you were seven I tucked in your shirt and brushed down your cowlick when you went to receive your First Communion. At Confirmation you were twelve, and still helpless. I fixed your necktie, tucked in your shirt and sent you off. But (and here she laid it on) if you think for one minute that Mama is going to lead you down the aisle for Matrimony and come again, you don't know your mother! Matrimony is for men and women, not for children. If you can't handle this problem on your own, probably the simplest problem you'll ever face as a couple, then you may be old enough to marry, but you're not a man!"

In retrospect, her speech added up to this:

A family needs a head, and God designed the man for that role. By nature, the man is aggressive and independent. He works best in the open, free, with liberty to make choices of direction. The woman, on the other hand, achieves her freedom within limits. No matter how valiant she may be, she likes the role of a help-mate to a man of whom she is proud. (A simple little picture that illustrates this point is the fact that in the outdoors, on the plains, in the woods, or behind a plow, a man who is a man, is at home. In such a picture, the woman is dwarfed beside him. As a matter of fact, any woman who does look at home in the great outdoors isn't very feminine. She's likely to have a rasping voice and a horsey look. Just move the couple into a living room and the woman grows in stature. The enclosure reflects her importance.)

Men in our time have not been taking this headship. God forbid that we should return to the tyranny of the Bible-thumping patriarchy, but the pendulum is now way over in the other direction. All around us we have seen the way in which men have allowed the brutality of masculine affairs to invade and desecrate the personal environs which the women hold dear.

Wars, the work of men, have ripped the families and slain the children. The economic processes designed by men have

depersonalized the worker, prescribed the number of children, turned men into irresponsible pay-checks. The neuroses which characterize our times are the result of this assault upon the heart and sensibilities of society. The women, because of their capacity for generous compassion and the sensitivity that such warm-heartedness engenders, have borne the brunt of this injustice. The intimate personal concern which it is a woman's glory to give, has been disregarded in the masculine madness of money-making, empire building and forensic debate.

Women Prefer Marriage

Because of that women have difficulty trusting the modern man. Most women still prefer marriage, and they would choose marriage if men assured them a dignified and devoted leadership.

Where this lesson particularly applied in my case and in the case of so many fellows today, is that we tend to reflect rather than remove the woman's fear of insecurity. Instead of providing a shoulder to be wept upon, too many men go to their mothers, girl friends or wives, looking for a hankie. Yes, a man can be gentle, but he can be a gentle-man. He can softly but firmly lead the way out of difficulties, not capitulate to the fears for the future.

It will always be true in marriage that the greatest giving will be on the part of the wife. Through pregnancy and child raising she loses the independence which the man continues to retain. If today the woman is reluctant to do this it is because she does not trust the man to be loving, confident and considerate when she must of necessity depend solely upon him. We confirm this mistrust whenever we hesitate. A good woman is happy to go through torture for her husband as long as his step is firm, his love tender and his faith strong.

When my mother concluded her sermon, I still wasn't convinced. I know better now, but it takes time to grow up. I just grouched away from the table and sat in the parlor glowering at the design in the carpet. The doorbell rang and my mother passed me a telegram. That telegram gave me the deepest, most gratifying bellylaugh that I have ever had. It isn't easy to explain why it tickled me so much or why I still regard it as one of the most provident lessons that God taught me about marriage. All it said was that it was from Dorothy and would I mind changing the date of the wedding because her Aunt Sarah who lived in Washington had sprained her leg and would not be able to get there as early as we had hoped.

To get the picture you've got to realize that I was looking at that wedding date with the same awful expectancy of a con-

condemned prisoner marking off his calendar. Then along comes my beloved and kicks that awe-inspiring date into a cocked hat simply because Aunt Sarah had sprained her leg!

The scales suddenly fell from my eyes and I discovered with a gasp of joy that a woman always has her lovely finger on somebody's pulse, and that pulse means more to her than the C.I.O., the N.A.A.M., or the U.N., or all combined, especially more than a paltry wedding date.

Take the man who is directing the setting in place of the central span of the Abraham Lincoln bridge. He gets a call from the construction shack. It is his wife on the phone. "I'm sorry to bother you dear, but would you mind dropping in to the five and five on the way home and getting some *yellow* paper napkins? It's Uncle George's birthday, and the frosting on the cake is yellow, and all I have in the house are red ones."

You see, the subtle point of the thing is that the man considers these things *petty*—that is, unless he is the one about whom the fuss is being made. You will never really appreciate a woman unless you have seen her at the end of a day of moving into a new flat, the furniture in disarray, the children bedded in make-shift bunks, quietly putting up the nicely ironed curtains. The mere male dwindles in stature as the woman unobtrusively proves that the dignity of the human soul transcends time and circumstance. It is no wonder that God entrusted His Divine Son as a gentle babe to the warm, confident love of a valiant woman.

Consideration and Acquiescence

A fellow and girl have to be equipped with a great deal more than mutual infatuation if they hope to survive the difficulties of marriage. During the course of married life I have picked up a working set of principles that help to make for compatibility between the sexes.

To begin with, it is not an easy thing for a man and woman to get along together. I stress this point especially for young lovers who have not yet had a real spat. If there comes a time or occasion when you would be delighted to subject your mate to some form of mayhem, do not consider yourself peculiar. Resist the urge to inflict injury, by all means, but do not for a moment conclude that your marriage is shattered or that love has fled. Saint Paul said that marriage is a great mystery. Every husband and wife has learned that it is a mystery for which there is no solution except love.

The family relationship is a dynamic one. By that I mean that it is a living, moving, maturing relationship. It is not static.

It is not the relation between a nut and a bolt, or between a set of gears. The man and woman must become one flesh. Their two lives must fuse together and yet remain vital. The man is not consumed by the woman nor is she consumed by the man. They must be joined together without any loss of personality. In fact, when a marriage is successful, the personality of both husband and wife becomes more mature, more vital. The man becomes more manly, and the woman becomes more feminine.

Attract and Repel

To make this possible, the two sexes must not only attract one another, but they must also repel one another. This may sound like a contradiction, but it can easily be demonstrated. It is normal, for example, for a man to be attracted to a woman, but it is equally normal for him to be repelled by femininity. No normal man would want to live in a beribboned and scented boudoir. On the other hand, it is normal for a woman to love a man; it is equally normal for her to be repelled by masculinity. No normal woman would like the loud talk, rough comradeship and bare decoration of a barracks or clubroom. The point to be stressed is that a man may love a woman but he hates to be womanly. A woman may love a man but she has no desire to be manly.

The love, then, that should exist between husband and wife can be expected to have the qualities of reverence and respect. In other words, when a husband loves his wife, he must love her because she is a woman and love her as a woman should be loved. He cannot love her as a pal and treat her like one of his football chums. The wife must love her husband because he is a man, and love him as a man should be loved. She must not treat him like a child or regard him as a sorority sister.

In this way, we respect the mystery of marriage. The man will never thoroughly understand the woman and usually admits it. The woman will never thoroughly understand the man, but will seldom admit it. Because of this mystery, the love of a man for a woman has a special character that makes it different from the love of a woman for a man. The nearest we can come to defining this difference is to say that the love of the man must be *considerate*, and the love of the woman must be *acquiescent*.

Late for Supper

I could take a few cases from my own experience to show you what I mean by consideration and acquiescence. Suppose I were to work late at the office. As I approach the house after getting off the bus, I try to phrase my excuse in advance so as to

cate my wife's very understandable ire at having "spoiled" her dinner. In my mind, the whole excuse boils down to the fact that I just *had to* work late. That's all there is to it! I had to work late. So, when I open the door and behold the frown, I say, "I'm awfully sorry, dear, for being late, but I just *had to* work late!" The thunder cloud is not so easily dispelled. But, after all, I *did have to* work late, didn't I?

Before abstracting any lesson from this, let's consider the opposite situation, when I get home on time and the wife doesn't have the supper ready. Dorothy immediately goes into a lengthy and elaborate explanation: "You see, dear, Mrs. O'Connor called me over to meet Abigail Updyke, who is engaged to Mrs. O'Connor's son. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that Abigail went to school with Daphne Hothouse. You *know* Daphne, she was at our wedding—wore a silk taffeta skirt with a belt in the back—Well, you see, Mrs. O'Connor was awfully anxious to make Abigail feel at ease and she was delighted to discover that I have something in common with her—So, you see, one thing led to another. . . ."

This explanation cannot be stemmed. It continues through supper and beyond. Finally, just before going to sleep, my wife breaks into tears, "You simply won't forgive me for not having your dinner ready, will you?" Of course, I have already repeated fifteen minute intervals for the past four hours, "That's perfectly all right dear, don't let it bother you one little bit." Naturally, near the end, my words of forgiveness had a slight note of "For *heaven's sakes*, forget it, will ya?"

I don't intend to pass out a formula for handling such situations as these. My intention is only to demonstrate what I mean by consideration and acquiescence. Please notice that the husband's crisp and precise explanation would have been quickly accepted by another man and the wife's lengthy and elaborate excuse would have met the approval of another woman. In the second case (where the wife makes the excuse), the husband's consideration for the feminine nature of the wife could make the whole thing come off very neatly. He should come to expect lengthy excuses (for that's a woman's way). If, for example, he showed a *certain amount of enthusiasm* for his wife's story (which she is elaborating to take his attention away from her negligence), the first thing you know is that the entire attention should be centered on the story, and the late supper would be forgotten.

In the first case, if the wife were to acquiesce to the masculine habit of crisp explanations, and *accept it as a precise statement of fact*, everything would be fine. She needs merely say, "Of course dear, you had to work late, that can't be helped."

Consideration is an active, aggressive virtue. Acquiescence is a passive, docile virtue. The husband has to summon up his enthusiasm for his wife's lengthy story. The wife has to quiet and pacify her anger at his being late, and also squelch her curiosity for details.

Another example that illustrates consideration and acquiescence is the formality of a man's opening a door for a lady. Picture a couple, arm-in-arm, approaching a closed door. For the entire formality to come off gracefully, the girl must *step back* and the fellow must *step forward*. If the fellow fails to step forward the girl feels that she has been ill treated. If, on the other hand, the girl fails to step back, the man must either roughly push her aside or else follow her shamefacedly through the doorway. The same kind of consideration and acquiescence are necessary in every intersexual act.

Men Must Lead

Why should this be so? Human experience throughout the ages prescribes that in every joint enterprise of men and women the man must lead. It would be foolish to defend this male leadership here, because the defense lies with those who doubt it or who can produce a plausible alternative. As individuals, men and women have been endowed by God with an equality in dignity and potential. They do not, however, have the same function to fill in society. It is merely in this role, when their functions are wed to conceive a joint enterprise, that the leadership falls to the man. It is only when men exploit their leadership by active brutality or passive weakness that women refuse to accept the supporting role. Today is just such an era of brutality and weakness. Consequently, there has been a concerted endeavor on the part of women to throw off a yoke that robs them of their dignity. If it is true (and history proves it so) that a woman gains full stature and great dignity beside a virtuous and virile husband, it is equally true that a weak man will have an even more debilitating effect upon his wife.

Human nature does not change however. If it is true that the men of our generation exhibit a gross brutality in their war and a shameful weakness in their peace, failure on the part of women to acquiesce will do nothing more than aggravate the situation. The wife who refuses to accept the dignity of a support

ing role forces her husband to be either brutal or weak. There is no alternative to mutual harmony, and the requirement will always be that the man be eternally considerate of the sensitive nature of the woman and the woman acquiesce to the active aggressiveness of her husband. Sacrifice and great charity is needed in either case.

The Eternal Triangle

I suppose any fellow or girl who ever paused to consider the privilege of being married and of accepting its responsibilities has asked himself if he were worthy or adequate. At one time I thought that I was a bad risk. Suddenly my marrying Dot seemed like a dirty trick on her. My health was not too good. I had a chronic ailment as the result of an early football injury. I'm no genius, especially at making money. Along with that, I have certain principles that I wouldn't violate for any pay-check, a resolve that had made me disliked by more than one boss.

Without being morbid, and just being honest with myself, I had to admit I was a bad marital risk. Yet I marshalled up the courage to take the plunge, and I have weathered other periods of misgivings which persist to the present day. The key to theiddle is my faith.

Any parent who has ever taken his new baby in his arms and looked at it has had an experience that should have touched his head as well as his heart. No one could believe for a moment, unless he were a presumptuous fool, that this unbelievably wonderful creature, so perfect and brand new, could be an effect of which he and his wife were the sole and simple cause. Could either of you, who hardly know how to care for this creature, who fumble with many thumbs to sustain it, be so foolish as to suppose this child is wholly *yours*? The bare minimum of humility demands a "No!"

This moment can be priceless. It is easy to see a great mystery here. There is a special grace from God that comes with the first visible fruit of matrimony. You suddenly see yourselves as participators in a tremendous drama in which the elements are real and the stake is life. Your part is a great privilege, but a simple task. God has fashioned a body and soul. You had a part in it, but how little a part, considering this wonderful, tangible, vital infant. With this there should come an awful awareness of the presence of God. This God, Who can in His perfection transcend all things, deigns to become an intimate of our home. His presence here is warm with life. Our babies grow mysteriously; we merely feed and wash them. Then come words and ideas. A

new will exerts itself against the bars of the crib. A new consciousness watches the visitor and recognizes the parent. A new personality makes its mark on the high chair and eventually on the world.

Three Providers

You see yourself working along with God. He has enlisted your aid, not you His. He has made you His agent. It is His plan, His scheme of things, His harvest. You are in attendance, removing the obstacles to His workings. It is in the light of this that the idea of being a bad risk is defeated.

For who is a good risk? In what way does a million dollars, bountiful health, or human genius guarantee a successful marriage? Are these safeguards against conflicting wills, sickness or poverty? Not at all! The things that make for happy marriages, as anyone who is happily married can testify, are intangible things that moths do not consume nor with which thieves abscond. In fact, it is money and the power it gives, it is human genius with its ugly pride, and it is the constant concern about opinions and possessions, to which divorces attribute their failure.

Trust in God not only is a guarantee of our needs, as Christ promised it would be, but it also disposes our minds and wills to bear with the difficulties of conflicting wills. God's spiritual gifts of mutual charity and trust are far more precious and indispensable than His bounty in providing bread.

Knowing this, I told my wife right at the beginning that there was only one reason why she should trust me in spite of my obvious failings. That reason was that I trusted God. The strength of our family would not depend upon Daddy's right arm, his foresight, his intrepid character, but rather upon the infinite mercy of God, Who is more concerned for our good than we are and far more capable of providing for it. There are three providers in our house, Christ and His two agents, my wife and me.

Fidelity in Marriage

The faithfulness of partners in marriage is a thing seldom discussed. Those who are unfaithful usually try to keep their infidelity a secret, and those who are not, consider infidelity as something "nice people don't do." This secretive attitude might be appropriate were it not for the fact that infidelity is no longer a rare and isolated event, but rather a social epidemic. Conversations in shops, club rooms, and offices would be enough to indicate its prevalence, but in addition we have the infidelity of pre-marital sex relations, and the infidelity of tandem remarriages.

To regard unfaithfulness as the isolated and strictly personal affair of the parties concerned is to overlook the entire significance of the human contract. The bond which unites men harmoniously in society is trust in a common God, and trust in one another. All human relations depend for their proper resolution on an exchange of trust and confidence. At the root of each social contract, whether between co-partners in business or between nations, lies the most sacred, most selfless, and most intimate of all contracts—marriage. Nowhere, apart from the strict profession of religious life, do you find a greater relinquishing of human privilege for the sake of a common goal than in marriage.

The ultimate infidelity, divorce, strikes a murderous blow at the innocent children who cannot help but be left with a wound that grows fetid with mistrust and cynicism. As the children grow, they carry a wariness into their relations with others. The divorce society shies away from all commitments and violates every contract. When this paranoia becomes political you have something like Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany—mistrust and persecution manias hover like ghosts over the conference table, and wars are waged in the name of imaginary injustices.

From each family flows a tiny spring that empties into the moral reservoir of society. Here at its source the waters are either purified or polluted. When the pollution has reached the reservoir the moral health of every social institution is jeopardized.

Chastity—The Guardian

Standing watch over this entire process of human intercourse is the virtue of chastity. This picture of guardianship would be ludicrous were we to portray chastity in the role assigned her by the prude or the libertine. It is to the advantage of those who reap personal or corporate profit from moral degeneracy to reduce chastity to the level of a cartoonist's old maid whose only claim to fame is a record of "no hits, no runs, no errors." If we look at the thing boldly however, and realize that the fate of nations depends upon the inviolability of contracts, and that the marriage contract is the keystone in the contractual arch, and that chastity is the guardian of the marital act, then we must conceive of a virtue—of an adequacy—that demands the heroic.

Chastity fills this role and fills it well. It is in the pure splendor of new love that chastity takes root in marriage, when the young lovers regard their union as inviolate. Their ardor would abhor nothing as much as infidelity. This vital tree is cultivated through sickness, trials and failures, and bears fruit and casts seeds as their children are betrothed and marry. There is

no greater tribute of man to man than this concentration of love on one person undeterred. Infidelity is the love-tragedy, the ultimate betrayal of every human confidence.

Immodesty—The Enemy

The alarming thing about infidelity is its ability to grow without studied malice. Those who betray their wives or husbands usually do not violate their vow in hatred, but in despair. Their passions refuse to be subservient to their love. Consequently, the enemy to be sought out and destroyed is not infidelity or divorce but the virus which breaks down resistance. The name of the virus is immodesty.

When we concentrate upon immodesty our inquiry covers a broader social field. The provocations to lust are not limited to those areas where lust can be satisfied. The unhappy fact is that very chaste women frequently dress as though they were not. The most faithful wives often dress as though they were advertisements for infidelity. Thus the theatre and movies, the advertisements and novels, the styles and postures, spread their propaganda for lust into every home, and those who feel the least vulnerable may be the first to become infected.

The most striking evidence for this is the impossibility of finding today a living symbol for the chaste spouse, the valiant woman, yet within a hundred yards of wherever you may be, you can find in print or in the flesh a symbol of female prostitution. It was just such a lack of a dignified symbol that recently led a young Jewish psychologist to the discovery of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In her, he saw woman glorified, fruitful, valiant and inviolate. In her, he saw a modesty that was not a posture, but an exterior radiance that clothed her dynamic vitality. Summed up in all the veneration extended to Mary throughout the ages, he saw the challenge to today's glorification of the street walker. He concluded as I have concluded, that the salvation of human fidelity and the sacredness of contracts ultimately depends upon the veneration of womanhood glorified. Fortunately for us, Christ has given us not merely a symbol but a mother of flesh and blood who stands through time and eternity as the prototype of humanity redeemed, invulnerable to sin, triumphant over temptation, freed from treachery.

The Children—Focus of Family Concern

George Bernard Shaw once said that if a man lived three hundred years he would know everything. G. K. Chesterton answered, "Yes, and if Shaw lived three hundred years, he would

a Catholic." The point Shaw had in mind when he made the point was that history tends to repeat itself. Mankind is always repeating in the pasture of history, rechewing its own cud. In any three-hundred-year period all theories and revolutions prove themselves either true or untrue, either sane or insane. What Chesterton had in mind was that any man who saw his own life-span within a perspective of three hundred years would see the logic of Christianity and the need of a Church to perpetuate that logic through history.

To understand marriage we must also regard it from a perspective that embraces a number of generations, otherwise we do not see it *wholly*. Matrimony is a love affair, but it is a love affair in which many more than two people take part. Two is company, but it takes at least three to make a family.

Suppose, for instance, that we look at marriage according to the current mores, what do we see? We see two people in love. They are young and at the height of their idealism and vigor. They marry. The first few months are preoccupied with mutual adoration. Reasonably and observably this can't go on forever. When the fever-heat of the honeymoon has cooled, what is left? They usually try to bank the fire and, while reducing its intensity, attempt to extend its quiet warmth throughout the years. As time goes on, and the lovers grow in age, their attempts at maintaining their love become frantic and all-absorbing. In their narrow scheme of things the climax has passed and all that is left is a prolonged and inevitable anti-climax. They proceed from youth to old age, and finally to the grave. Their love story is more tragic than that of Romeo and Juliet. It is suicidal, but a suicide extended over many dull years, rather than over a few dramatic moments.

Marriage and Life

But contrasted with this concept of marriage, let's try to see it in the perspective of generations. Two people meet, each of them an heir to a valuable heritage. They bring to the altar an inheritance of culture, of wisdom and of faith. Their ancestors suffered, died, endured sea voyages, imprisonment, preserving this treasure which the two lovers offer one another when they plight their troth. In their marital embrace they generate the seed of a new generation who will take these historic gifts and weave them together in a new pattern—a new way of life. The process of events is no longer tragic because as the lovers grow old they see their early vigor transplanted in their children. The children become adept at using the cherished culture, wisdom and faith.

This glorious tradition blossoms anew within the family. The parents are unaware of their declining years and passing youth because they are too engrossed, cultivating a new and more wonderful life in their children.

Without this conception of marriage as a vehicle for extending a life of culture, wisdom and faith throughout the years, the entire adventure and the very reason for marriage is lost. Without it marriage is a flash in the pan, a glorious sky-rocket that drops in a moment, charred and inert. We cannot, however, maintain this conception of marriage unless we truly cherish the culture, wisdom and faith to which we are heirs. If *life* for us means no more than the thing that began at our birth and ends with our death, then we, in truth, have no troth to plight. We are asking our beloved to wed tomorrow's cadaver, to share a requiem, to share our grave.

The Christian home is a shrine that glorifies a living culture, wisdom and faith. It is not a museum for the accumulation of outmoded gestures, relics of the past, but a place of new birth. In the children the faith comes to life, taking on new forms, developing unique social patterns.

All the moralizing against birth control is almost always in vain unless this vital conception of marriage is retained. Who would have children if the end of childhood were nothing but a dull wait for death? Who would want children if he had no treasure to offer them? Who would give life unless life had an eternal significance, dating back to Genesis and extending forward to eternal union with God?

In the modern scheme of things the child too often comes as an obstacle to the parents' wallowing in their own childish and selfish indulgences; whereas in the Christian scheme of things the child becomes the focus of family concern, the new messenger, the new apostle, to carry the flame through another generation.

The Christ-life Lived

Realizing this, Dorothy and I are trying to revive the cultural patterns of the past and adapt them to the new generation in which Ann and Marie, Paul and Michael, Elizabeth, Peter and Clare, will live. We want them to know and appreciate the Christian thing as it was appreciated in ages past, as it is understood today by the Catholic natives of Hong Kong, of Czechoslovakia, of Italy. During the weeks before Christmas the Advent wreath is hung and its candles lighted, while the sole absorption of many neighbors is with Christmas shopping. Christ comes into our house on Christmas Day and the Infant remains with us through the Epi-

many. The children learn of the exchange of gifts, the constant beneficence of God. Later we go through Lent. Michael learns new significance for the bumped head and the scraped shin-bone as he vaguely perceives the positive value of suffering. Easter is the glorious reward for the endurance of fasts and penances, consonant with their age and capacity.

The significance centers not in pious gestures, but the children are taught the Christ-life lived. Justice and charity in their dealings with playmates. Poverty and ingeniousness in their little projects, such as those exemplified in the carpenter shop at Nazareth.

Slowly they will perceive the vast Christian mission and their part in it, the splendid adventure of restoring to Christ a world that has strayed. Their pettiness will be replaced by a docility to greatness. They will become alarmed at the vacuity of selfishness and let that vacuum be filled with divine purposefulness.

Children mean just that to us. We do not pray and work so that everything will *go* well. Our concern is that everything will *grow* well. Will we try to become better-off for the sake of the children? No! We will try to become better for the sake of the children, because by becoming better we will become closer to God Who is the source of all good, material and spiritual, and because we have learned that the desire to become better-off is just as likely to exclude children as to include them.

The Will of the Child

The last few paragraphs may be a little top heavy with the idea of placing traditional burdens on young shoulders. We haven't forgotten that each child has a life of its own to be led. A child never goes according to the book. Each one is unique, and the formula for each one's happiness differs in details from that of the other.

Persons who have no children usually possess dogmatic principles for raising them. It is sheer poetry to envisage children as either saints or devils. Experience proves that each child is a unique combination of conflicting elements. The parent must strive gently to resolve those conflicts, always respecting the delicate instrument with which he works. When a child does something against the wishes of the parent his motive may be either weakness, love, malice, ignorance, fear or imitation. For example, Mike constantly strays out of the neighborhood. We have had to put the police on his tail at various times. Should this crime be treated as malicious disobedience? No! Mike has a memory that doesn't retain a thing. He proceeds from one wonderful experi-

ence to the other. Even on the way to the woodshed his anticipation is forgotten in the delight of watching a passing butterfly! Virtue must be made adventurous for Mike or he's not interested.

Marie is sent to the corner store. She returns an hour later with some strange tale and no groceries. Marie is timid and she just waits until the proprietor finds her down below the counter. Paul talks back to his Grandma simply in imitation of the sport he has with the neighbors' teen-age boys. Here and there there is malice, unbalanced nature, original sin forcing its way through. Each of the motives must be recognized. Malice is punished. Imitation is channeled. Ignorance is instructed. Fear is dispelled. Weakness is strengthened. Never is the will bent too far, but only slowly and carefully, in keeping with its nature.

Learning from Children

Influence in the home is by no means one-sided. If the family dynamic is working properly while the children are being counseled by the parents as to the ways of adulthood, the parents are being reminded by the youngsters of the virtues of childhood. Any parent who is honest with himself has his tongue in his cheek whenever he says, "I don't know why it is that Junior persists in doing the things I tell him not to do!" At such a time he cannot help but think of his own disobedience and perversity in relation to God. Why do we, the parents, persist in our disobedience to God?

What adult, when talking to a youngster, does not envy his guilelessness and sincerity? His upturned face so open and sincere? Often I have brought worries home only to have them dispelled by the gaiety of the children. Their happy innocence gives us a nostalgia for the innocence of the sons of God. "Unless you become like little children," Christ said, "you will not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." How fortunate to have the evidences of childhood all around us to pin-prick our sophistications and remind us of our helplessness before God.

Adulthood can become an awfully grim and desperate state unless it is tempered by the sanity of childhood. Yet the homes today are few and far between in which you can find that elusive ingredient. The vogue now is to tolerate the child within an adult milieu. Mother and father keep their world autonomous, limiting the children to play-pens. The children are bribed with toys to keep their distance. The tribulations of the child are treated as so many "cases" with the formal competence more becoming to a social worker than a parent.

Fortunately with a brood as large as ours, childhood cannot be relegated to an area. It's all over the place. Lonely children

use this and seek out our home as though it were an oasis. In spite of their electric toys and three-shift tricycles, they would rather spend their time among our youngsters. In the eyes of the children, it is our brood who are privileged because our home is for children, not for grownups. In other houses you may find a child, but in our house you can find *childhood*.

Fear and Worry

One experience we had that has done much to relieve us of fears and worries was that which occurred about four years ago. We were expecting our fourth baby. We were living fairly snugly in a finished attic in a pleasant neighborhood. Things had become somewhat crowded since the time we had moved there as starry-eyed newly-weds. The landlady didn't like our propensity for procreation. She didn't like the wailing and gnashing of teeth, and she also felt that large families reduced the value of real estate; this, in spite of the fact that we had painted and decorated the exterior and interior of the house. She had asked us to leave.

We had gone about on Sunday afternoons, scouting the area for vacant flats. If there had been some way by which we could have boiled down our three children into one dog, we might have made the grade with some landlords. With three toddlers, we didn't have the chance of a communist in the N.A.M.

This had not bothered us too much until my wife became pregnant. The attendant increased sensitiveness made her more vulnerable to the scathing remarks of the landlady. We were also learning that having a large family so close together shared the same social stigma as chronic drunkenness or dope-peddling. Our neighbors and relatives compounded a hypocritical concern for our plight with an equally obvious unwillingness to assist us in any way. Our spirits were at a low ebb.

At that time I was working as a shipping clerk in a warehouse. We were very busy and overworked. My chronic ailment had become worse. In addition to that, I had been giving all my leisure hours to the preparation of the yet unborn INTEGRITY.

One evening a friend of mine dropped in to mind the children while Dot and I went to see the doctor. He had unpleasant news for us. "It is impossible," he told us, "at this late date to make a hospital appointment for your wife." The hospitals were overcrowded and beds were scarce. The second piece of news was that I had to take a month in bed, or else.

Well, that was the picture when we went home that night. There were all the circumstances that trembling newly-weds foresee with horror. Sickness, eviction and childbirth, and no money in

the bank. The way the thing worked out has only re-confirmed our trust in God and taught us something about the way He acts.

We prayed and asked the prayers of others. We encouraged one another and went ahead with our plans. To my great surprise the company paid my salary for the month of absence. I felt no compunction in accepting it because I had spared no effort in their behalf during the preceding two years. The rest left me free to concentrate on the magazine plans, undisturbed by the urgency that I had felt before. My wife was shunted to another, less expensive doctor, who found her a bed in a truly Christian hospital, and her lying-in period was the happiest she had known.

Shortly after my recovery, I came to New York where we were planning to publish the magazine. My associates and I made a novena of prayers, and I placed an advertisement in the newspaper reading, "Undesirable tenant wishes to rent apartment. Have four children and will probably have more." There was one answer. A small house, badly in need of repairs, was available in a suburban part of the city. I plastered up the sagging ceilings, repaired the furnace, and we all moved in.

Trial and Triumph

In retrospect it is obvious that what we had at first considered to be great troubles were actually the stepping stones to great treasures. When we were at what appeared to be the depth of our miseries we were in fact on the threshold of a new adventure. The poets have made much of this universal experience, phrasing it in such ways as "the darkest hour is just before the dawn." The Christian can see a more mysterious element and abstract a more profound conclusion.

God desires our faith, or complete trust in Him. He permits troubles and fears to arise so as to strengthen our faith, much as a football coach will drill his squad vigorously so that their strength will grow. Every ill to which the human is prone exists singly for the purpose of our placing our trust in God. We do this by bearing with the suffering but always with the realization that we will at last be triumphant.

If we reject the trial through timidity, we inevitably reject the triumph, and fail to gain the reward. A man who resorts to dishonesty in order to swing a deal because he fears that honesty will gain him nothing, by so doing erects an obstacle between himself and God's providence. A new baby has often been the occasion for a husband's getting a promotion and a wife's regaining her health. Yet most people deny themselves children on the erroneous presumption that a new baby inevitably means unhappi-

ess. In their denial of the sacrifice they turn away from God's bounty. God's concern for them, His desire for their happiness, is continuous and generous, but they through timidity refuse to grasp the cross which will release the treasure.

Trust God—Help Yourself

The enemies of Christianity have always used whatever weapons might be lying around without regard for truth or fair play. The communist weapon is slander. They do not condemn a Christian belief for what it is but try to prove it is something else, less grand, less desirable. Ever since the death of Christ there has been a campaign on foot to deform His simple teachings. One of the most subtle of these lies is the one that makes a trust in God's providence *appear to be* an excuse for sloth and irresponsibility. It is true that a religious man is not money-hungry, nor does he want to get the best of his neighbor in a deal, but it is not true that a trust in God makes him less diligent.

The married man today must trust in God and that implies much more work and greater ingenuity than he would need if he were single, or without faith. Society makes little, if any, provision for the responsibilities of parenthood. The prices of children's clothing, rents, doctors' bills and natal care are all in the luxury bracket. Yet there is no corresponding increase in his income. He must shoulder all the extra burdens that go with sustaining unproductive children, and rather than receiving help he is considered foolish, ostracized from many areas of the city, charged exorbitant sums for children's clothing, excluded from associations he can no longer afford to belong to and frequently must work for longer hours at a lower rate of pay.

To do this requires hard work and ingenuity. The father of a normal-sized family must learn to take care of as many of his own needs as possible. He can't afford to be without a set of simple tools and the knowledge of how to use them. He must be able to make minor electrical, carpentry, plumbing and mechanical repairs. The wife, in turn, must also, in spite of her additional burdens, acquire skills that will lessen the need for calling in experts.

My wife has saved many dollars of doctors' bills by learning to diagnose and treat minor ailments. We have learned the proper procedure in first aid and medical treatments for the innumerable germs and accidents that invade a family. Not long ago, by a simple trip to the distributor's and fifteen minutes with a screwdriver, I saved \$9.50 on a repair bill for my refrigerator. With a pair of hair clippers I can rival the average barber at giving the

boys a haircut. Things have to be really bad before we must resort to doctors' fees and the bills of repair men.

Beyond this there is the need to keep our children entertained as well and with far less money than that expended by our less productive neighbors. We must teach them games and build them toys. The toys must be beyond comparison with the store-gotten fantasies showered on the pampered kid next door. We must instill in our children a sense of leadership so that they will not grow timid under the persecution that nice people dish out to what they so hypocritically term "the underprivileged."

Trust in God implies a mighty diligence and an adventurous ingenuity. Please notice that under the time-honored system of Christian marriage, husbandry and house-wifery are not the moronic vocations that the careerist deceitfully claims they are. A father who places *life* first, who not only accepts children but really provides for them, is likely to make more decisions in a day than a business executive makes in a month. His life is intensely interesting. There is no time for boredom. He must be a philosopher, a craftsman, a politician, a doctor, a psychologist, an administrator and a poet. His wife must be a nurse, a teacher, an artist, a hostess, and a director of souls. The society of the future is made under the eyes and hands of the mother and father, for after the child leaves the home the fate of society and his role in it has already been decided.

A Family of Families

It is no surprise that today's family has come in for such a beating once you realize that the family spirit is just the opposite to cut-throat competition. No one expects that one of a gang of robbers holding up a bank will stop to pick up a lady's handkerchief or help an old lady across the street with her bundles. For the same reason you can't expect the family spirit to survive in a society where everyone is concerned with *self-expression*, *self-aggrandizement*, and even the religious people solely concerned with *self-improvement*. This is especially true when the idea of self-improvement is divorced from the traditionally Christian notion that the way to self-improvement is self-sacrifice.

Christ told us we must love God and love our neighbor. He did not need to tell us to love ourselves or further our own ambitions. If we really want to be perfect and perfectly happy, we gain this state by seeking the happiness of others and not bothering too much about ourselves.

I have already indicated that this modern self-centeredness makes a unity between the husband and wife thoroughly impossi-

e. The modern man and woman lack the generosity for sacrifice that is required before two bodies and two souls can work in harmony. It is precisely this self-centeredness that the Sacrament of Christian Matrimony was designed by God to erase.

Christian Matrimony provides a God-given grace that sublimates our natures so that the man and wife are enabled to overcome their human selfishness and to become docile to the daily task that lies before them. This grace not only tends to unite man and wife, but it also unites family with family. This is a fact that my wife and I discovered only after many preliminary mistakes.

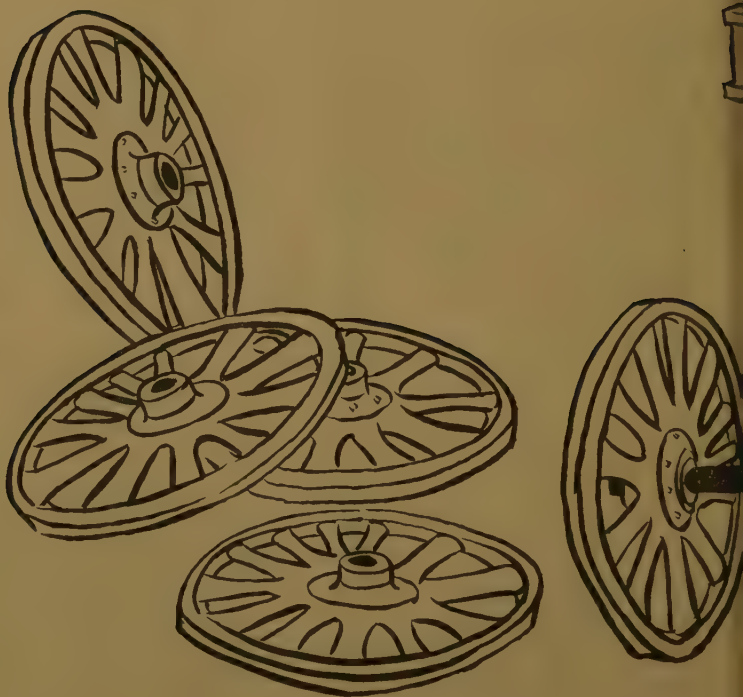
all by Ourselves

You see, we were a pair of starry-eyed idealists when we walked away from the matrimonial altar, hand-in-hand. I'm not sorry about that. If there is one time when the heart should be filled with daring plans and great adventure, it should be on the day of marriage. Because we were idealists, we knew the scorn which the modern world has for ideals. It isn't the man who can hold an ideal that is admired today, but the man who can swing the ideal. Our contemporaries are not interested in prophets but in profits.

Even before we were married the persons were few and far between who truly *encouraged* us in our hopes. Everyone and his brother, it seems, feels obligated to warn the prospective bride and bridegroom of the precautions that must be taken against disaster, even the disaster of having children. Advice for the engaged has the grim quality of modern bookkeeping that fastens its eyes not on success but upon bankruptcy and re-sale. After being subject for so long to such wet-blanket counsels, we decided to keep our ideals to ourselves. We were not marrying on speculation, we were playing for keeps. If no one believed this, then we would keep it as our own secret.

As we furnished our home and had our first children, and developed family customs, we kept pretty much to ourselves. We were friendly with our neighbors and relatives, but never intimate. We did not wish to have our ideals challenged. We wanted a Christian family life without having to defend our position at every step.

The time came, however, when we saw that things cannot be handled quite so neatly. An ideal is not a thing that is meant to be hung as an immaculate sword above the fireplace, but a thing to become bloodstained and muddy in battle. The occasion for this lesson was the arrival of our third baby.



*For carrying social burdens: It
best in pairs, and when carrying
heavy burden can*



*...s are like wheels , they work
work together a very
ried easily.*

At that time we had neither a telephone nor a car (today we have a telephone). As is inevitable, the first pangs of childbirth came at the cold, unholy hour of 4:00 A.M. I had to fumble into my clothes, run across the street to a neighbor, wake him and beg the use of his phone. I received no response to my calls for a taxi, and had to go to another neighbor for the use of his car. Much to my delight and humiliation, the same neighbors whom I had tried to keep out of my affairs so assiduously, were extremely generous when I asked them to *help* me with my affairs. If I had wished to do so, I could have taken a vacation at that time and left the care of the two children to these friendly women. I did not do this, but I did gain a far more valuable service from them because I learned in an unforgettable way that the family cannot and should not, no matter what its ideals may be, exist for itself, but that it must be part of a community of families.

Neighborliness

The fact that these people, in times of emergency, leaped happily to the aid of a family in need, proved to me that if this same neighborliness were revived as a continuous social attitude, each individual family would have a far greater chance of survival, as well as an opportunity to grow normally.

Having our ideals challenged did us no harm. Most of our neighbors had accepted in varying degrees the sterile and fatal prescription for marriage dispensed by the popular magazines and upheld by popular opinion. They did not regard children as a blessing but as a burden. The women were more intent upon retaining the appearance of youth than gaining the dignity of dedicated motherhood. The husbands were more concerned about making more money, than passing on to their children a spiritual bank account that can never be over-drawn. Making friends with such people meant many an argument, and a certain weariness at defending our principles. But, as I say, it was worth it. We were forced by such intimate contact to re-examine our stand. If we were right, we became more convinced. Where we had become spiritual snobs, we were forced to admit it. Many of the people who would not accept our high ideals practiced a charity in their lives far greater than ours. Some who practiced birth control were more patient with children they had than we were with ours.

We learned above all that despite any difference of religious views or practical policies, God intended that we should *need* one another. We learned that our family was only a small part of a large and greater family. We became aware in a very practical way of the implication of that magnificent Christian teaching

lled the Mystical Body of Christ: that all men are part one of the other, and the head of that Body is Christ.

This was not all we learned. The more we sought to live in harmony with our neighbors, the more we observed the universal hunger that people have for the spiritual food the Church dispenses. Sometimes, for example, in the course of an evening's conversation, we would mention a Christian truth that we had come to look upon as commonplace. Our guests would be amazed and ask us to repeat it. They would carry it away as a treasure, and before long they would have made it as important a part of their lives that we would be ashamed at having let it become commonplace.

Community and Providence

God makes use of the community as an instrument of His providence. No family has everything it needs all the time. Few families have everything they need at any time. Yet if many families were to add up their needs and possessions in a collective pool, perhaps all of them would be able to extract all that they needed at a given time. I can hear harsh words of "communism" in the background, but that is utter nonsense. Wherever people have lived together in harmony since the beginning of time there has always been a spirit of mutual co-operation. It is thoroughly perverse for any family to be forced to conclude that it is completely dependent upon its own efforts. Yet this is the spirit of today. So afraid are we to depend upon our neighbors in time of need that we timidly hoard every penny against such a day. Private property is a good thing and so is thrift, but if the emphasis on them is so great that each family becomes an independent kingdom then society will destroy itself.

At the present time I am engaged in building a group of houses in company with thirteen other families. We have been at it but a short time, but yet long enough to see the tremendous benefits of neighborly co-operation. First of all, hardly any of us would have considered the possibility of owning our own homes, for, since we have large families and average incomes, we could not possibly afford it. It is yet to be proved that we can do so or afford to do it in a group, but we are working as though it were possible. This working together has given us new assurance and moral courage. We have helped each other in various ways and will grow in knowledge of community co-operation. Already men have learned skills and wives have re-confirmed one another's faith in Christian living. Each family knows that if it suffers it will not suffer alone, and if it prospers the others will rejoice. We

are not competing against one another, but seeking a common goal as a complementary company of neighbors.

Families LIVE Together

The alternative to this is for each family to go ahead, seeking its own, letting the Devil take the hindmost. Yet every family that breaks up, or becomes dependent upon the state for support, threatens the entire society of families. New laws are invoked to meet the breakdown of the family, and these laws limit the liberty of other families as well as condoning the weakness. The fact that most families can no longer own property has caused us to lose a respect for property. This, in turn, causes us to relax our vigilance against the development of a government policy which will eventually make ownership completely impossible. The municipal apartment dwellings are an insult to a free people: concrete birdhouses for government wards so small that there is no room for children. We can neither rant nor fume against this unless we seek the only alternative: free co-operation of families to build houses in spread-out areas, where there will be room for children, shops, vegetable gardens and livestock.

It is very sad that engaged couples and newly-weds when they are young and vigorous cannot be persuaded to join forces with others and do things in a community way. When the third and fourth child come along it is hard then to face the obvious fact, that our urban society does not *want* normal families. They suddenly realize that they must rely on their own efforts at a time when their cares and burdens are greatest.

Thank Heaven, more and more men are buying tools and meeting at planning sessions. More and more wives are sewing together, shopping together, and minding each other's babies. There is some residual Christian liberty and American independence left, so that a welfare state and a communist state will not evolve without our putting up a good fight. Families are coming together, yours and mine, and discovering this splendid thing—a community.

"Yes" To God—"Yes" To Each Other

Not long ago my wife and I had a few moments of peace together. I had arrived home from the office after a day of tiring conferences, capped by the usual hour on the subway. The seven children were having their supper and my wife's hectic day was at its climax. Ann had been told in school that she needed glasses. Marie had pictures to show me which she had painted in kindergarten. Paul was in line for a spanking for having resisted a neighbor's attempts to remove him from his rear bumper. Michael

ad a cold. Elizabeth had fallen downstairs. Peter's new tooth
ad blossomed beautifully in the middle of his grin. Clare too had
cold.

We organized the rambunctious crew through their supper,
ashed them up, packaged them in their pajamas and lined them
p for prayers. Paul was able to get through the "Hail Mary"
without any help. Michael characteristically thanked God and
asked God for "food." Elizabeth made the others giggle when she
aid "blessed is the soup" instead of "blessed is the fruit."

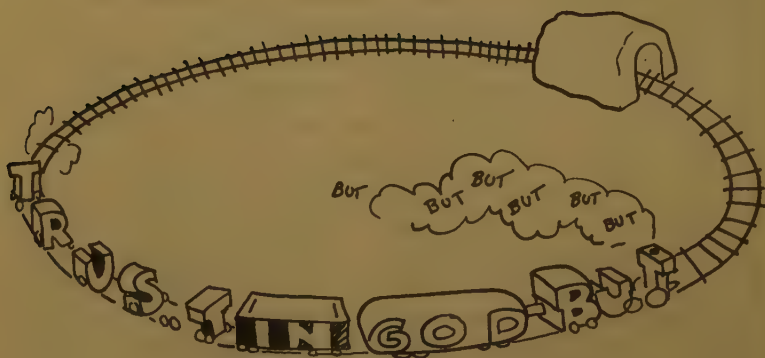
Prayers having been finished, we tucked them in bed. Every-
thing had been tended to except listening to Ann's "reading."
God bless you's were exchanged and Dot and I sat down at the
kitchen table to eat our cooled-off dinner. Surprisingly enough,
he children went immediately to sleep. We became suddenly
ware of the ticking of the kitchen clock—things were that quiet!

Suddenly a feeling of great peace descended upon us. We
ingered over a second cup of tea and began to reminisce. Nine
ears of married life were behind us. We talked about our various
periences together. I asked Dot which of these experiences
truck her as being the happiest. We both knitted our brows and
ried to remember. After a while Dot said, "You know, I don't
hink I was ever more happy with you than I am right at this
moment." I had to admit with some surprise that I felt the same
way!

Ours, we think, is a successful marriage. How do we account
or success when all the trials and troubles we go through are the
very things that other people avoid as pitfalls? I suppose that at
he root of the happiness is a mystery. Through a process of
elimination, we always arrive at the conclusion that it is nothing
out God's helping grace. We are living a Sacrament. All the
other things that seem to explain our peace in the midst of trouble,
are more an effect than a cause. Certainly a husband's love ma-
tures as he sees his wife constantly attentive to the endless de-
mands of the children, rising in a cold bedroom to early-morning
emergencies. His love is no longer a fairy-thing, floating in the
mirages of courtship. This is a woman with courage and a capacity
for sacrifice. She is no stoic, no creature of iron will and vigorous
constitution. She is a woman sensitive to pain, yet beyond pain
when someone else needs attention. I have not the slightest doubt
that come hell or high water, Dot will be right beside me, doing
a masterful job. She may weep, but she will work through her
tears and she will smile when a smile is needed.

There is a strength far beyond our own that mans the helm of our family ship. Each joy and sorrow has a place in the divine scheme of things. Take one iota of trouble away, and the balance would be lost, the happiness less poignant, the peace less complete. This is Christian marriage, a stark, real, practical, full adventure, a thing of days, nights, years and eternity. The price we pay is merely to reiterate the original vow, "I will," saying over and over again, "Yes," to God and "Yes" to each other.

ED WILLOCK





ALTERNATIVE CHILDREN'S HOURS

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
The kiddies watch Gimpy-leg Nelson
Shoot his way through the bar-room door.
Little open-mouthed Susan
And Michael with bleary eyes,
Watch justice dished out by their hero
To a couple of ornery guys.

OR

Now with the fast departing light,
Maker of all we ask of Thee,
Of Thy great mercy through the night
Our guardian and defense to be.



Purity and the Young Child

A long, long time ago, it seems, I spent a lot of time poring over various techniques offered in print for approaching the subject of the sex education of my children, and filed them all carefully away to await the coming of, say, our first child's tenth, perhaps twelfth, year.

Now that the same child is six and in the first grade at school, off shortly after seven every morning to spend her day in the company of a host of unknowns until three in the afternoon, I find suddenly that the bogey "sex education for children" has raised its ugly head a full four or five years ahead of time—and the problem is here, to be solved now and not a year, not even a month, from now.

Anyone who has children, or *a* child, will observe, if he is honest and observant, that before they are even a few short years along in this life they discover and are inclined to explore their own bodies. As soon as they are able to talk all this is accompanied by innocent comments and questions about their various parts, and to assign more than just innocent curiosity to these performances is being unsavory and suspicious. However, knowing full well that, contrary to the sentimentalists, to the pure all things are not forever pure, it is foolish to let this first opening of a subject that concerns the very life of soul, eventually, be brushed aside as something that will probably die a natural death and is better ignored than given undue attention. *Undue* attention can be as disastrous as no attention at all, and it is not undue attention, but just attention, that is called for. With the first opening of the door, the first faint light of sex consciousness that dawns in a child's mind, also comes the opportunity for inaugurating a relationship with the child which, if handled wisely, will increase in breadth and depth and capacity until that fatal stage is reached where sex, with all its contingent danger, is a problem that moves in to stay until adolescence, the teens and finally a fully ripened maturity have been met and conquered.

One wonders why in this particular phase of growing up the ties between the parent and the child take the maximum strain and end so many times with no means of communication left at all in regard to the subject. Why do mothers and fathers suddenly awaken to find their children are discussing sex at length with their friends, with their friends' mothers, but avoiding it with their own? And when questioned, why do so many young people answer, "But I just can't talk to my mother, my father, about sex.

don't know exactly why—somehow it's embarrassing. I don't think they'd really understand." Which isn't what they mean at all, though they may not know it. Obviously any two people who have known a union intimate enough to produce children "understand" about sex. It isn't lack of understanding that is the answer. It is the three-way relationship that is missing—the relation of *wild to parent to sex*. And as exaggerated as it may sound at first, maybe the answer to this whole thing lies in that first gentle opening of the door at the age of two or three or four years, when hardly more than babes they discover and begin to ask questions about their bodies.

There's nothing nasty about the human body. Human minds are capable of high nastiness, but the body itself is good and beautiful and purposeful, and incidentally, marvelously well-designed. After all, God invented, if one may use the word here, human bodies and as yet few of us have been capable of suggesting any very intelligent improvements. What transpires in our relation of mind to body is apt to result in a thoroughly nasty mess—but in the beginning, after Baptism, the relationship is rich with promise: soul, enclosed in a marvelously useful body, governed by a mind which in turn is fed on the grace distributed to the soul. But that's not all, is it? There is hidden within the combination of the three another even as marvelous attribute, elusive and provoking, and that is free will. And it is the will darting about like a wild, ungoverned thing that can throw the monkey wrench into the whole—that can wreck the relationship of the other three, and distort and destroy and cause havoc until the body and the mind and the soul are at war with each other, and the end God had in view when He combined the three is thwarted and finally, tragically, rejected.

So, with the child in his baptismal innocence we do not have to question the perfection of soul, nor the existence of the good and useful body, nor the possibilities for perfection that lie before the as yet untaught mind. But as the psychologists are so fond of pointing out to us, the child, untaught and untamed, is a healthy little animal (albeit, an animal with a soul) and left to his own devices will undoubtedly proceed in short order to his own destruction. This, so far, is all very well and we agree with the psychologists. However, we begin to part company with the majority of them when we contemplate what direction we wish the teaching and taming of the child to take. The psychologists, like the rest of the moderns in our world, are bent on training these little animals so they will be adjusted, well-behaved, self-fulfilled

members of the society of our day. While we would have them be members of the Communion of Saints—capable of adjusting to the society of any day, not because of any exposure to education or psychologically sound guidance, but because they have securely in their minds their *raison d'être*: to know God and love Him and serve Him on this earth and give glory to Him forever in Heaven.

All things are in relation to this; there is nothing that is not. And when we are faced with the dilemma that is what and how to dive in and get on with sex information to children, it helps a lot to clear the decks of all other considerations. All things that God created are good, good and beautiful, and the unfolding of the mysteries of the body can be as *wholesomely* exciting as some are capable of making them unwholesomely exciting.

Early Explorations

Let us start with the littlest child and his first question. Usually it has to do with his eliminative system. His first reactions to these functions are pleasant ones, the result is comforting because the body's comfort depends on the well-ordered functioning of these various parts. But then little ones discover that in addition to the basic function of these interesting parts, there is also a certain pleasant sensation attached to exploring them. This infantile exploration can usually be outwitted by seeing that small children are securely pantied and given other distractions to absorb their attention. But there is something of which we must beware. Children who are meditative, who, when hurt or puzzled or sent off alone to their rooms as punishment, do not so often strike out or rebel or challenge as creep away and nurse their injuries—children of this type are quite capable of seeking solace in a *totally unconscious* indulgence of these same pleasant sensations. There is hardly a grain, if any at all, of awareness in what they do. There is surely, in the beginning, no ill will, no real guilt involved. There is an overwhelming sense of hurt and abandonment which children are so capable of feeling, and finding no comfort or sympathy anywhere else they seek to comfort themselves. This may make the more squeamish parents squirm and protest: "But my child never did anything like *that*!" No! Are you so sure? What you are so repelled by is something as old as the ages, and children have done it down the ages and good ones too, innocent ones, who were pure of heart and unaware they were doing it. And characteristically, it is the parents whose children, they assure us, never did that—whose very blindness and refusal to entertain the possibility turns them into suspicious, scolding, nagging accusers and

hoopers if they happen on the occasion. And with first meeting in fact, their very attitude slams shut a door that might well have led to a mutually enriching confidence between both parent and child.

You may like to fool yourself that this first awareness and acquaintance of the infant, the little pre-schooler, with his own body and its pleasant sensations is not *really* related to the business of sex education for children, but it is the root of it, the beginning and the first flowering and if you don't start with it here, you'll find you've opened a book in the middle some day and wonder why it doesn't make sense when you've never known the beginning.

How exactly would one handle such a revelation, though? Children, until they have cause to cease, are very frank and open with their opinions. Once they have learned that certain opinions or attitudes, when voiced, produce certain unhappy results, they are capable of practising very successful deceptions, erecting very convincing camouflages. So it is practically guaranteed that if a mother or father would approach the small child whom they have observed interested in this particular exploration with a calm, pleasantly inquiring manner, the child will be equally calm and pleasant about discussing it. Until he has been told certain things are *wrong*, there is no reason for suspecting they are. In fact, he wastes very little time in his early years weighing whether things are wrong or right. It is his association of cause and effect, wrong and punishment, which eventually organizes the machinery for determining what is wrong and what is right. Suppose a mother does, then, inquire pleasantly and discover that her child has made a rather intimate acquaintance with certain parts of his body. She needn't be surprised or shocked—he isn't the first child to do so, nor will he be the last, nor should it be so totally unexpected. As we have said, they come perfect in many ways but untaught and untamed. Well, she may explain, it really isn't quite the thing to do. She understands, of course, that it can be quite pleasant—but that is not the purpose for which God created this part of the body, and as God has a special reason for creating it, He wishes us to use it for that purpose only. Now this is one of the first times, she may go on, when something that feels pleasant and seems to be all right, isn't. And this is what she has meant when she has told the child on occasions before that it is sometimes not so easy to be good. In fact, it is often hard, but the harder it is, the more pleased God is when one succeeds in being good.

Then instead of leaving it all purely theoretical, the mother can proceed to a practical attack. When the child thinks maybe it would be pleasant to indulge this particular fancy, he must remember: "No, God doesn't wish me to do this." Then he can try a little trick on himself and see if it doesn't work. Fold his hands tightly together, and quickly say to the Blessed Mother: "Please, Blessed Mother, help me to be pure."

Now just try that next time, his mother may say, and see if it doesn't make a big difference. That is what pure means—it has many meanings but for little children most of all it means remembering how good God made their bodies, and how useful He made them, and that they must use them only for the purposes for which God made them. That is what the child means when he prays every morning: "Please help me to be pure and good and keep me safe from harm."

After this, it is possible to make a kind of secret conspiracy out of the business, with the child and the mother and the Blessed Mother the sole conspirators. At night in the security of their goodnight hug, the mother can whisper, "Don't forget—ask Blessed Mother to help you to be pure—just see if she doesn't!" And you may believe this or not, as you wish, but a child will take such an interest in this miniature warfare that he or she will come periodically and from the depths of a bear hug, whisper at any odd hour of a day, "I'm trying very hard to be pure." I have been the receiver of such a secret revelation.

For parents who have honestly never met with this problem, an undue amount of space may seem to be allotted to it. And too, they may be inclined to herd all such children into a category that includes inferiors of a variety of types, both intellectual and moral. Let's air that notion out right now. That this early acquaintance with bodily sensations can be innocent is unquestioned and the fact that most books on child care cover the problem in some detail seems to prove that it is a fairly common thing. What is important is this: that it not be confused with the more serious transgression of the same nature which older children, boys particularly, are apt to indulge in later years. This is not the same thing at all. This is innocent and the result of simple, accidental exploration on the part of normally curious children. However—there lurks in the shadows those years that are soon to be upon children when it can become a problem of major dimensions, and to say there is no connection, that the one is not capable of developing into the other, is sticking one's head in the sand. There isn't a parent alive who wouldn't shudder to

entertain even the merest hint of such performances on the part of his adolescent children. And yet trying to meet serious sin, at the eleventh hour and after there has been some experience with experimental or otherwise, is a very tough proposition. Adolescents and teen-agers are not inclined to be carried away by a last minute introduction to the subject of purity. Perhaps several generations ago, a century ago, several centuries ago, the overall attitude of the world in general toward public discussions of sex made a big difference in the way children received their sex enlightenment. But today's father and mother trying to instill principles of Christian purity in their children find themselves backed against the wall and faced with a counter-propaganda via the movies, suggestive magazines, conspicuously promiscuous moderns which, but for the grace of God, they are at a loss to fight. The only rule of thumb that exists today in regard to impure performances on the part of the young and old alike seems to be—"don't get caught." Purity consciousness is at as low an ebb as it has ever been since the beginning of the race—and in most cases the very word carries one connotation only, that having to do with a nationally advertised brand of soap which is ninety-nine and fourty-four one hundredths percent the same.

The time to start establishing the norm is as soon as the child is capable of applying the word *purity* to some part of his own experience. And it is in these early experiences, even the innocent ones, that the concept can be formed . . . "this is purity, dear, knowing how good your body is, how wonderfully God formed it, and being very careful not to abuse it in any way."

He Is Not Alone

And then there is this too, which is as important a part of the strategy as connecting the word with one's own personal behavior: the child need not struggle with his little temptations alone. God wants him to be pure, granted, but there is one whose very synonym is Purity and she is the Mediatrix of all Graces, including those to help guard and cultivate the virtue. Mary, whose experience with the Holy Childhood makes her the first protector of children, Mary, whose wisdom so vastly outspans prudishness, is eager, willing, in truth has begged over and over in her apparitions and her references to the horrible impurity in the world today, to be made the mediatrix in our personal lives as we struggle for strength in this battle. Arm the child with a knowledge of what purity means in relation to his own body, and arm him with the company of the Queen of Angels. Open the door and give him the security of knowing she is there, eager to

help, and impress him over and over with the conviction that she is watching, hoping he will win, and always so pleased, so delighted, when he does. There cannot be too much stress laid on the revelation that God and Mary are watching, always—but be sure to accompany it with the assurance that they watch lovingly, hopefully and eager to help. And if there is failure, let the picture be one of a saddened and disappointed Heavenly Father and Mother—not a wrathful pair who will draw in their skirts and wash their hands of the culprit. Teach them an ejaculation, like the above "Please, Blessed Mother, help me to be pure," and repeat and repeat and repeat, until the refrain is part of their unspoken meditations, their store of associations with the very word purity. And contemplate the sum total of grace, which is always given for the asking, which will pour into the soul addressing such a supplication to the Giver of Graces. Then when the serious temptations are met, when there steals at last into the consciousness what all these years of preparation were aimed at, there has been already established the habit of crying for help in the first throes of trial. To plead and beg and exhort the youngster involved in the toils of a first love affair to call on the Blessed Mother for protection is good—but how overwhelmingly the passions can succeed in drowning out even the most sincere exhortation, even the most sincere intention.

That part of the Church's training for her young, in catechism and doctrine classes and within the four walls of the parochial classroom, includes this stress on purity is true. But just how much effective substituting can our priests and nuns do for the parents in the brief hours of instruction time? This is a matter that calls for twenty-four-hour-a-day consciousness, and it must grow out of a home where no subject is taboo, where no questions are ignored, but where no aberrations go unnoticed. It must grow in an atmosphere that is above prudishness, that is the essence of modesty without disintegrating into mere daily preaching, and unless parents are willing to take stock of their very young with all their curiosities, with their potentials for both good and evil, and relate them all to the whole, which is life in Christ, there is going to be a lot of precious time lost and a lot of last minute sprinting to catch up when it is almost too late.

As I had thought that sex education would probably not be a problem met for a good ten or twelve years, so I included with that filed-away material the business of explaining how babies come into the world. However, the other day my three oldest children, six and five and three and a half, were informed by a

ve-year-old neighbor child, that their mommy was going to have baby. They accepted this piece of information without noticeable effect, having been already informed that God was sending another baby sometime this summer. Frankly, they have come to sense there is a cycle of some twelve or sixteen months or so, the end of which always a new baby puts in appearance. So the announcement coming from both their parents as well as the neighbor child was something they welcomed but took in their stride as part of the normal course of events in our family. Failing to get the desired reaction from them, however, the neighbor child went one further and revealed that the information was available to her, not because she had been informed, but because she had taken stock of this mommy's changed anatomical design and drawn the only conclusion possible.

Now here was a piece of news that was really startling! All our children have seen our cat bear kittens. Cats have a way of changing shape before kittens are born, and even the simplest juvenile mind can put two and two together, sooner or later, and get—kittens. They happened on her in the throes of her delivery twice (kitty is shockingly casual in her choice of delivery room) so the process had ceased to be a mystery. Then last summer one of the cows pastured on our land evaded her owner when he came to fetch her home in time for her blessed event, and sought refuge in the woods where we later found her, also in the process of delivering a new life into the world. This they discussed in a thoroughly wholesome manner and came forth with the conclusion, after reflecting on the changed shape of the mother cow over the months previous, that the result accounted for the noted increase in mother cow's proportions.

So the evening of the day of great revelation, after the younger ones were in bed and asleep, I discovered my six-year-old lying awake and gazing meditatively at the cows (all in various stages of anticipating this year's crop of calves) grazing outside her window.

"I guess they're going to have babies too," she reflected. "They look like they are, don't they?"

I agreed and waited for the next comment.

"Is it the same with mommies having babies as it is with animals?"

This Is It!

Bang! And sex education for children was a problem of the present moment, between myself and my six-year-old child.

And it would never do to let her hang in mid-air, associating what she knew of the cat and her kittens and the cow and her calf, with this longed for, prayed for, blessed baby we'd soon be introducing to her. There was no choice but to dive in.

No, it wasn't quite the same. God made animals strong and hardy, and they had their babies wherever they were best suited to have them, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in a barn or even, as with kitty, in the kitchen woodbox. But with mommies it was different. They had to have their babies in the hospitals, or in their houses up in their rooms. And with mommies there had always to be someone to help, like the good doctor we love so much, or nurses or members of the family, like aunts or sisters.

But that wasn't exactly what she meant, she said. She meant—did the baby come the same way the baby kittens and the baby calf come? N— said that mothers had babies inside of them before they were born. Well, did they come the same way animal babies did?

I might say I groaned inwardly, but there wasn't time for that. One's mind darts frantically, clutching for the right words, and there is the overwhelming sense of the importance of the relationship the answers to these questions is going to establish between the two of you. No time for concocting, and certainly no time for lying. There is only one way open, to tell the truth, with God's help, as gently and as discreetly and as wholesomely as you can.

So we plunged on. In a way babies come the same way. *God has made* a special place in all mothers through which, when it is time, babies come into the world.

Without waiting for any further embroidery she bluntly asked, "Where?"

As carefully as I could, I explained where. And made it very clear that since all things God does are good, there could be no question but His way of having babies come into the world was the best of all possible ways and therefore good and pure and holy. And once again we were back to purity, and why one is careful (particularly careful with this new understanding of the body and its apertures) not to abuse one's body. Now she could understand, couldn't she, why we must think of our bodies as holy and good, and must carry ourselves about with a special sense of caring for a piece of God's handiwork. And when we remembered that not only did the body have all these good and noble uses, but also that the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost lived within the soul, which was itself within the body, as long as we are good—then it

de all the difference in the world how we felt about ourselves, bodies, and all the parts of our bodies.

There flashed through my mind what Eric Gill had written out his own bewilderment when confronted with all these puzzles as a boy, particularly his first struggle with temptation. His first information about his little boy parts ("Shame on you!") did come to him tainted with the sense of "unclean." Later, when the question of sex raised its head, he was told these same parts were "sacred." And within the young mind a war began, trying to justify the two conflicting notions—how could one's parts be both unclean and sacred at the same time? And he dismissed the war as his elders were trying to impress upon him as being no more than a part of a great confusion from which they suffered as well as he, and he made up his mind for himself. This part of his autobiography caused much discussion and consternation at the time, but if nothing else it certainly underlined the terrible need for an understanding on the part of parents of the tremendous interest this whole subject holds for children—and young children, too.

Take It Easy

At such an early age, six or so, the question is apt to be asked, how did the baby get there? But to be told that God has planted seed within the mother is sufficient to quiet any further curiosity and of course going further than this with such young children would be unthinkable and, to my mind, a crime of major proportions. What one must try to do with these very young and their questions is be honest, instill a sense of respect, and establish a camaraderie between the parent and child in respect to the subject. The father and the mother both (and this must not always be true) at "woman talk," it is terribly important that fathers take over their share of the dispensing of this new wisdom, either alone or together with the mother and the children) must tackle the problem with the kind of attitude that promises unending patience in the answering of questions and *at no time* distaste or disinclination to answer or discuss or help. Keeping this door open is, next to instilling the knowledge of God and His love within them, about the most important thing of all in the life of the child.

There have been children at school, and in the immediate vicinity, who have evidenced an appetite for unsavory discussions about all these things, and the innocent reports of conversations attempted with my own bairn have several times proved very alarming, to say the least. So far they are perfectly frank to report these sallies on the part of other children. And so far, thank

God, they have felt no need to get involved. We have a standard reply to give children who want to whisper and giggle about such things, and that is: "I can talk about that as much as I want to with my mother—and it isn't very nice to talk about it with anyone else." And so they do. They go through stages, each one of them, where their bodies are tremendously absorbing topics of conversation, and we have had some long, may I say "calf" sessions?—on the subject. And it seems to exhaust the store of questions, and satisfy the curiosity, and the ideas are laid to rest for another little while. But one does not fool one's self that there are times when vigilance is no longer needed. What with the world shouting sex from all sides, it is to be expected that normal, observant children are going to be reminded—no matter how pure their minds are—periodically, and find their interest once again aroused.

There is another wonderful part of God's plan which seems to escape a lot of people when they get discussing sex education for children, and that is the natural, orderly process by which He sees fit to educate them Himself through the increase and multiplication of the Christian family. The husband and wife who enter their marriage with enough faith in God to feel He can be trusted to design—*plan*—their family for them will find His wisdom in the matter of sex and children is boundless. For instance, the prime purpose for which He designed the feminine bosom has been all but drowned in propaganda for the display of same as a part of baiting and catching the male. I remember when I was expecting my first child asking my doctor if I might nurse my baby. Among all my friends who were new mothers there was not one who made even an attempt to, and somehow in my stupidity I had concluded that the modern age had made it a thing of the past—well-nigh impossible for the young modern. Doctor D. snorted and said: "God didn't make you the way He did just to be decorative! Of course you can nurse your baby—at least you can try."

Then too, in the large family where there are older children who must help with the care and training of the younger ones, it is all part of the day's routine to help the little ones to and from the "bathroom," and in and out of the bathtub. All of which helps to eliminate any undue interest in brotherly and sisterly anatomy. Nor does this necessarily rule out the formation of a distinct sense of modesty in the young. During the early years when children need help with their baths and etceteras, there is no sense of either the modest or the immodest in them. They need help and it is

common sense for the older members of the family to help them, the process becoming quite used to the way God put them together and eventually failing even to be aware of the differences in their arrangements. Later when they are capable of caring for themselves, it is quite natural to explain, and expect, that one has to be alone to dress and bathe—and privacy in this respect is the order of the day.

Each of the various activities involving the body and its purpose is, in greater or lesser degree, like individual tesserae in the whole of a mosaic. Each has an important relationship to the establishment of a sense of purity in the young mind, and the paradox seems to be that establishing the sense of purity depends on a wholesome acknowledgement of all God has put together to create the human body, *not in prudishly avoiding it*.

It is all good and for a purpose, and learning about it the right way can be an inspiring way of giving glory to God. What a wonderful world it would be if the sense of goodness and purposefulness of the body were suddenly to fall into place in every man's mind. That's a large order—but if all fathers and mothers would dedicate themselves to revealing these very things to their own children, we'd be off to a good start.

MARY REED NEWLAND



MODEL T FOR TWO

We will raise a family,

A Ford for you, a Ford for me,

Then you'll see how childless

We will be.

Monica

There is a new one in our house,
And she is lambent as a moth,
And she is holy as a sunrise,
And she is pure as altar cloth,

And she is sweet as bursting peaches,
Her cry is as the sting of hail,
She is our day-star and our compline,
Our television and our mail.

And all who hunger and are lonely,
With love a little one can feed them,
And out of deserts, jungles, arctics,
A little child can lead them.

JOSEPH DEVER

BOOK REVIEWS

A Compassionate Observer

ILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

by Edward E. Swanstrom
Heed & Ward, \$2.50

This work of Monsignor Swanstrom's is the first book on the Expellees that has been published in the United States. So little is known of the whole monstrous expulsions that ushered in

present peace, that many informed people do not know the meaning of term "Expellees."

The author describes how during his stay in Germany in 1945, where he went to set up the Catholic relief program for Displaced Persons and German civilians, he saw the early transports of men, women and children loaded into destroyed towns. He points out that the residents of the Sudetenland of Czechoslovakia, of Silesia, East Prussia, Pomerania, Danzig, along with the minorities of German ethnic origin from the countries of Eastern Europe were driven out of their homes on the basis of the theory of collective mass guilt. This was the same Hitlerian theory which the Allies opposed during the years of the war. Bishops, priests, the aged, little children, all were driven across frontiers into destitution and exile. By the Potsdam Agreement (to which our own government was signatory) a total of six or six and one-half million people of German ethnic origin were to be sent within the borders of Germany, "in an orderly humane manner." Instead, more than twelve million people were made homeless in the greatest mass expulsion of history. Monsignor Swanstrom makes the whole situation more vivid for the reader by reducing it to terms of our own environment: "Suppose, God forbid, that one quarter of the wheat-producing and industrial territory of our country were ceded away, and that the greater part of our larger cities, including Detroit, Chicago, and all the port cities, were battered by bombs. Suppose that millions of men of active arms-bearing age were detained for years as Prisoners of War in other areas of the world. And then, suppose that all the populations of Canada and Mexico were driven into the United States as destitute refugees, having been forced to surrender their homes, their businesses, their farmlands, without compensation. It is easy to imagine the sufferings of so great an army of the dispossessed if they came wandering the roads of our nation, and it is easy to see how many of them might perish of cold or hunger in the desolation of their enforced exile."

In his visits to the camps and barracks where the Expellees are now living, Monsignor Swanstrom got first-hand stories of expelled priests (of whom there are about three thousand), of men, women, and children. Two striking illustrations show the by-products of mass expulsions. On the first page is reproduced a poster of little children's faces—entitled "These Little Children Are Looking For Their Parents." On the next page are the faces of other youngsters under the title "Parents Seek These Lost Children." Now, four more years after the expulsions, families are still trying to find lost members, particularly children who were too young to know their names, or why they were tossed about the face of a bomb-battered continent by heartless victors.

The last chapter, entitled "The Long Procession," is a summation of the Expellee problem as it affects the possible recovery of all Western Europe. The author, in a section called the "Pyramid of Chaos" piles the problems of Western Germany one on top of the other with inexorable logic. First was the wholesale destruction of towns and industries in war—destruction on a scale never before seen in the world. On top of this comes the division of a highly centralized nation into two artificially sealed off sections by the Allied powers—a division that has grown more complete as the years of the peace stretch on. Then comes the ill-advised dismantling policy, now halted. While this policy was being carried out hundreds of plants necessary to the well-being of all of Western Europe were sent East, or put to the blow-torch. Over and above these three tiers in the pyramid of chaos, is the retention of an untold number of German drafted soldiers as slave laborers in Russia. About a million and a half are unaccounted for. On top of these building-blocks of chaos is the final block, the presence of 12 million Expellees, of whom two-thirds are in the Western Federal Republic under the control of the Western Allies.

It is only now that the United States is beginning a planned and co-ordinated program for the Expellees—only after the Expellees in desperation united into parties for political action. Monsignor Swanstrom, who did so much to set up the Displaced Persons Resettlement Program, recommends that the Expellees be treated as the international concern that they really are. He gives pertinent suggestions for agricultural relocation within Germany, for redistribution and rehabilitation in work, and for planned emigration to other areas of the world. He feels that the emigration might well be tied up with the so-called Point IV program for the development of backward areas of the world.

Because War Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference, as the official agency of the Catholics of America for foreign relief, has given help to so many of the persecuted, the expelled, the exiled, the homeless and the needy of a war-broken world, Monsignor Swanstrom, director of the organization, sees the Expellees in their proper perspective, not as an isolated phenomenon. He says: "The entire Western continent is crowded with people who have fled from their homes, or who have been forced out of their homes and homelands. There are the regular Displaced Persons who are cared for in camps; the new displaced persons who are fleeing from tyranny and persecuted in Eastern Europe; there are the thousands of displaced Jews, the pitiful remnants of a race which has undergone the most terrible holocaust of blood of the ages; and finally, there are the Expellees, close to 12 millions of them. I have tried in these chapters to give a realistic picture of life among these Expellees because, from the point of view of large-scale help, they are the most abandoned, the most helpless, the most inconsolable of the refugees of our day."

He ends the book on a note that is deeply significant from the spiritual standpoint: "If we did not contemplate this long procession of anguished humanity with the eyes of the spirit, it would be difficult not to give into despair. Only the Christian answer to the great mystery of suffering gives any clue to the understanding of the limitless anguish that has beaten its way over the face of the earth in our time. The long procession only has meaning when we remember that each poor driven

, woman or child who walked in it trod in the very footsteps of One
long ago, made a lonely pilgrimage—burdened by the cut tree that
the symbol and explanation of all our suffering, and of all our hope.”
It would be hard indeed to evaluate the continuing challenge to our
passion and charity without reading this book on the uprooted people
ur day.

JEREM O'SULLIVAN-BARRA

Mainly for Religious

THE DOCTRINE
OF THE DIVINE INDWELLING
by M. M. Amabel Du Coeur de Jesus
Newman, \$2.25

Lay people who have been
inspired by the life and writ-
ings of Sister Elizabeth of the
Trinity, and who derived
much benefit from Father

Philipon's practical application of her central theme of the indwelling of
Holy Trinity in our souls, will be disappointed in this latest book.
-titled a *Commentary on the Prayer of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity*
written by a Carmelite nun, it is addressed specifically to Carmelites.
the practical applications are made to their life, and the layman may
with embarrassment that he has leaped over the wrong wall. Al-
though the book has intrinsic merit and sustains quite admirably the lofty
one of Sister Elizabeth's famous prayer, still the lay person had better
look to Sister's own writings or to Father Philipon's if he is not to feel
that Sister Elizabeth's doctrine is not for him. Since it emphatically is,
I have no doubt that Sister Elizabeth would be the first to declare it,
no person whom God wills to live in the midst of this noisy world be
heartened by the emphasis on cloistered silence in this book.

DOROTHY DOHEN

Saint Christopher

CHRISTOPHER THE GIANT
by Claire Huchet Bishop
Houghton-Mifflin, \$1.50

Many thanks to Mrs. Bishop and to
her publishers for giving us a
really good life of a saint for chil-
dren. Her juvenile books have

been a delight in our house and it is a pleasure to find the same
ple interesting style in *Christopher the Giant*. Our children could
only wait for the next chapter about the powerful giant who wished to
be only the powerful Lord of All. His search for this Lord makes an
enrbing tale—and I found it as exciting as the children did. We are
looking forward to more such books which she has promised.

DOROTHY WILLOCK

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JESUS AND I by Abbe Jean Plaquevent is the surprising result of somebody's giving the author a copy of **The Imitation of Christ** when he was a very small boy. He could see that it needed to be rewritten for children, and decided he would attend to it when he grew up. He has, and here it is. Ready. \$1.75.

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by the

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